

THE DOUBLE DEALER

JUNE 1921

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MARGINALIA

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The DOUBLE DEALER

".....I can deceive them both by speaking the truth."

SOUTHERN LETTERS

IT is high time, we believe, for some doughty, clear visioned penman to emerge from the sodden marshes of Southern literature. We are sick to death of the treacly sentimentalities with which our well-intentioned lady fictioneers regale us. The old traditions are no more. New peoples, customs prevail. The Confederacy has long since been dissolved. A storied realm of dreams, lassitude, pleasure, chivalry and the Nigger no longer exists. We have our Main Streets here, as elsewhere.

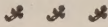
It is no idle conceit to hazard that some Southern Sherwood Anderson, some less tedious Sinclair Lewis, lurks even now in our midst. A writer of the calibre of Thomas Hardy would discover here in Louisiana a native *genre* which easily out-wessex's Wessex—a peculiarly whimsical character and individual color. We do not refer to the Creole or the Nigger. George Cable has treated the former with varying success. His "Grandissimes," "Old Creole Days" and "Doctor Sevier" are great books. Written several decades ago when the Creole was still a dominant figure in the social life of New Orleans, they struck exactly the right note, but to-day, barring an historical interest, they seem distinctly *passé*. The Creole has become

almost obsolete. Contact, changing conditions, inter-marriage with his Teuton and Anglo-Saxon brother have mongrelized him beyond recognition. Some day some one with the leaning and leisure will sit down and write his swan-song, dubbing it "The Last of the Creoles."

On the other hand, the case of the Nigger in Southern literature is a pathetic one. The poor darkey has been worked and overworked to such an extent that your average reader balks at a "nigger story" in the same manner as the mule balks at the nigger. The day of dialect novels and sketches, despite the excellent work of Ruth McEnery Stuart, Joel Chandler Harris and Octavus Roy Cohen of *Saturday Evening Post* fame, is, we believe passed. Indeed, Mr. Cohen's black-faced comedians seem somehow to smack overly of grease paint and the minstrel show.

But the old rusty machinery can be junked without a qualm. There are hundreds of little towns in Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana fairly bubbling with the stuff of stories. Not, necessarily, the Main Street motif, but something far and away more vital to the soil—the physical, mental and spiritual outlook of an emerging people—the soul-awakening of a hardy, torpid race, just becoming reaware of itself. The peoples of the North and East are made, those of

the Middle West and West are in the making, the peoples of the South are being remade. It is this remaking that should arrest the literary eye. The old Southern pot-boiler must go out—the lynching-bee, Little Eva, Kentucky Colonel, beautiful Quadroon stuff—a surer, saner more virile, less sentimental literature must come in. By all the symptoms the reaction is near at hand.



THE COST OF COMPLACENCY

EVERYTHING is paid for. *Tout se paie* as the French say. The United States wishes the luxury of flaunting a government, “of the people, for the people and by the people.” For this they pay dearly—through the nose. That the reality is bought and the semblance delivered need hardly be argued. A few men rule this country, a few men rule any country and, by the same token, the world. You will protest: “but they are chosen by the people who are free to vote as they will.” Well, perhaps the ox led to slaughter believes he is making a “free” choice, and no doubt the father of twins judges that he acted wisely. Moreover, anyone of you is “free” to drink methylated spirits at this second. You may shake your head and declare this specious playing with words, or you may see that we are led to the conclusion that we are more fettered by our limitations than by steel manacles and hobbles. Bound tighter by prejudices and ideas than by cords. Some are bound to follow, some bound to lead, and as I was saying—everything is paid for.

There are then: those that govern, those that are governed and the go-betweens. These last are the politicians. Do the rulers desire peace and neutrality? Then these fancy boys, taking their cue, cry for peace at any price, they appeal to America to keep her head above the mad discord and teach the world a lesson in self-control—incidentally they suggest that we will not lose anything material by our superior self-control and that virtue will have its reward in something hard and metallic and negotiable. Do the Olympians require war? Come these modern heralds to scream for patriotism, sacrifice and the venerable, haggard word *Liberty* is dragged in by the ears. It is also indicated that we are not only privileged to shed our blood by joining the colors, but that if we don’t do so in a hurry we may not have the choice of whether the game is to be played on the home grounds or not. What is the result? The same voices that sang “I Did Not Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier” grow hoarse shouting, “America, Here’s My Boy.”

But cries of war and peace are exceptional. Elections are regular. What become of campaign promises after election? “*Mais ou sont les neiges d’antan?*”

At this point it becomes necessary to assert that I am not pleading for a change in the social order. Certain though it be that the real rulers are over-greedy and blundering and ignorant, I cannot see what would be gained by substituting the more ignorant, the more slavish. It is doubtful whether you would dismiss an incompetent executive of a corporation to put his office boy in his place. Similarly those now in power rule probably more efficiently

and considerably than is commonly supposed. In truth I am pleading for no special order. I am simply trying to show that the numberless officials, bosses, petty and grand, politicians and all their hierarchy are simply the lackeys of a few men, hired to sooth the public vanity and paid out of this same public's pocket. I am trying to show that the true internal government of a democracy is the same as that of an autocracy or monarchy or empire, and that for our vanity we maintain a more gorgeous train of parasites than any king or emperor. Finally, that demagogues cost more than diadems, flattery far more than ermines, that the upkeep of politicians far and away surpasses the upkeep of palaces. Perhaps we get our fair exchange in complacency, but make no mistake—everything is paid for and it is you that pay.



It is only in the microscope that our own lives look so big.—*Schopenhauer*.



THE SHORT STORY

THE *rara avis* in the realm of letters is beyond doubt the short story.

Despite the double fact that every fresh water college in America offers a "short story course" to the student aspirant and that the great commercial weeklies and monthlies literally get down on their knees and beg for them, tendering bribes almost tempting enough to lure a corporation lawyer away from his portfolios, the good short story remains unwritten.

One popular weekly, we are told, pays a minimum of five cents the word for a short story. In a case where the writer has attained a vogue, the compensation is at ten cents the word, and sometimes more. When we consider that the modern story varies in length from thirty-five hundred to twelve thousand words this "compensation" is not entirely to be despised. Poor Poe, now living would reap a nice harvest with his average tale of ten thousand little etymons. Ten or twenty dollars per was the best he received. Suppose today some fortunate bibliophile should run across, in his browsing, an undiscovered MS of the Rev. Whipple's famous protégé, what sum think you, would it command in the MSS mart?

Henry James' "The Liar," a masterpiece in the art, contains no less than twenty thousand words; Kipling's "The Man Who Would Be King," over thirteen thousand; Hawthorne's "Gentle Boy" twelve thousand; Stevenson's "Will o' the Mill" eleven thousand five hundred, and so on down the line. But be warned, young Tyro, the big magazines will have none of this today. Save an occasional "Novelette, complete in this issue," five or six thousand words is maximum.

And yet, and yet—though all over these great United States, in almost every by-street of almost every hamlet, there lurk horn-rim spectacled lads and slightly aging spinster ladies, infected with the virus, *cacoethes scribendi*, we are producing nothing noteworthy in this field.

Poets and critics there are a-plenty. Pianists, painters, prophets and politicians abound. Barbers, baseball players

and bank presidents are, as ever, in sufficient numbers. Where are our raconteurs?

During the last six months of arduous (?) labor, the Editors of this "jaunty little journal" have received an average of no less than two short stories per diem. Notwithstanding our newness and isolation they pour in upon us from all parts of *terra America*—Seattle, Bangor, Cheyenne, Mattewan, Biloxi, Pensacola, Kansas City, Baton Rouge, Cincinnati, Bogalusa, Chicago and Manhattan—for the most part neatly typed, forty-five hundred to six thousand word *contes pathétiques* submitted by John and Mary (better Lionel and Ethelyn) This and That, "at usual rates, serial rights only." Out of this thesauric mine of material, upwards of three hundred "valiant verbositys," what have we found? One rather dreary oriental affair by a well-known writer who "gets his price" so he informs us, but as a concession to our enterprise proffers his ware to *us* at the ridiculously low rate of five hundred American eagles; one idealistic bit of fantasy by a young woman who has done some nice work, but in this instance must have been suffering from a slight attack of *cerebralitis*; and one little forty-five hundred word first attempt (a good one at that) which we printed in our last issue.

Please, gentle contributors, leave off for a fortnight your making of pretty lyrics, facile *feuilletons*, satirical essays, pungent paragraphs and sophisticated abstractions in the "modern" manner. Surprise us the next time, if you will, with a good, tingling yarn.

THE DOMINANT PETTICOAT

BRITISHER, continental and even the heathen Chinese have come to this country and politely gone home and entertained the natives with accounts of America as a land governed by its females. They represent us men as tied to the apron strings, first of our mothers, then of our wives, and lastly our daughters. In our opinion these writers are laughing with the same horrible laughter of the slightly wounded man for his more mutilated comrades. The world is, indeed, ruled by women.

Nevertheless, the citadel of this woman sovereignty is our fair land. Ask any mother about her offspring and she will tell you that the little girls are tractable and "sweet," the little boys wild and unmanageable. The girl grows up, husbanding her energy. The boy runs through his. At twenty-five he is a spent man, and any woman can lead him around by a ring through his nose.

Observe the ordinary husband. In three years what has he become? A beef-steak buyer, a lawn mower, a victrola winder. As docile and tame a creature as a Holstein cow.

The domination of the "long-haired, knock-kneed sex" is everywhere apparent. Does it come to a question of the "suppression of vice?" Well, perhaps we men may know the futility of it, but suppose we went home and said so. We would not only get abuse, but be regarded with suspicion all the days of our lives.

What is prohibition but the female mind? A well-known critic said some place that men had invented a more

powerful passion than the love of women, that of ethyl alcohol. The women knew this to be true and acted accordingly. Fiddlesticks, I say, to this talk of anti-saloon men having engineered prohibition. It was the girls who put the taboo on *spiritus frumenti*. Throw a brick out of the window and you will hit an anti-prohibitionist, but put the matter to a vote and prohibition will be re-indorsed as sure as your name is Mrs. Jack Robinson's husband.

Walk through the shopping district of any American city and you will find twenty shops displaying silks and fripperies to one of boots and tobacco. Ask your book seller who buys his books. Ask your theatrical producer on whom the success of his play depends; the popular magazine editor or the advertising man which sex he caters to.

Shades of Mary Wolstonecraft, "women's rights" forsooth! They have the vote. Subtly they run the country. Our lives are mortgaged to them. They have already gone the bees one better, for we are not only used as repopulators like the drone, but we also play the role of the worker.

Beaten, baffled, befuddled, there still remains one thing for us men to do—smile. Look at your neighbor, your brother, your father, you brother-in-law, and lastly, look at yourself in the mirror—and smile.



Admirable may be the wise woman—but she is an owl.—*From the Chinese.*

CLASSIC EMOTIONS

HOW few of us look with a naive eye upon time-accepted works of art. Gelded mentally and spiritually by parson, parent and pedant long before we are out of knee-breeches, we appraise mule-like with the drove.

In early youth, the most impressionable period of our lives, we are helplessly victimized by professional counsel and parental benevolence. We are *told* everything. Our opinions formed, our ideas controlled, our very dreams expurgated by the guiding hand of parent and professor. All things we are taught from the lips of senility. This is right and that is wrong. This work good and that one bad. We are told that Raphael was the greatest painter, and the Sistine Madonna his masterpiece; that Tennyson was a poet and his *Idylls of the King* "wonderful"; that Milton's *Paradise Lost* is a "magnificent" opus; that a perfunctory appreciation of this book and that play, this picture and that opera, stamps you at once as a person of refinement and culture.

I have done the galleries of Europe, as, peradventure, have you. I have also done to a finish the stage, operatic and otherwise. I have done, further, my father's and many another's libraries. Several times in early childhood I have read myself ill abed, but not until, perhaps, yesterday have I "done" anything with a naive eye. The trick is this if you care to learn: forget all you have been taught and told, all books, all philosophies, all opinions, then strip

naked (mentally, of course) and burn or freeze willynilly.

After reading Walter Pater's essay on Leonardo da Vinci I could hardly wait to get my first look at Dame Lisa. On entering the Louvre I fairly rushed to the picture. Jehovah, what a disappointment! Something must be wrong, something must be lacking in me. Too young perhaps to appreciate its subtlety and beauty. My indifference was astounding. This was eight years ago. I have since learned and unlearned much, but this in particular, that one's individual reaction to a thing is all that argues. What do I care if Dickens is counted a great writer? He bores me. I prefer Balzac. The Venus de Milo is supposed to fire one with an appreciation of classic beauty. My impression was the same as it would have been had

I gazed upon the nude effigy of my wife's laundress. Madame Tettrazini's vocal acrobatics fail to evoke in me the customary thrill. I incline towards John McCormack. Chesterton and Wells to me, at least, are tedious. Why hide the fact that Ring Lardner intrigues me more than E. V. Lucas?

If you, my friend, prefer Harrison Fisher's ladies to those of Aubrey Beardsley; Gene Stratton Porter's novels to Edith Wharton's; Bud Scott's Jazz Orchestra to the Boston Symphony, why, simple say so.

Let us try, if we can, to put away attitudes, silly affectations. They belong to our mid-Victorian progenitors. Pretense and superficiality are, or should be, out of place to-day. The hour of the honest clod is at hand, he of the naive eye.



Pox on't, why should I disparage my parts by thinking what to say? None but dull rogues think; witty men, like rich fellows, are always ready for all expenses; while your block-heads, like poor needy scoundrels, are forced to examine their stock and forecast the charges of the day.—*Congreve's Double Dealer*.

Body's Blood

By ARTHUR SYMONS.

And if I love you more than my own Soul
Then must you die—and I shall never die
Until I reach you, who have loved you so
That life and death are little more than dreams
And night-vigils and visitings from God.
You loved me, lied to me, left me. What's a bride
That ought to have been brideless? For you were
A girl that never should have married; one
So much more wonderful than I imagined
Anyone could be: made of no virgin soil,
But veritable virgin when I met you,
Before I made you woman. And that's over
As all such things have always been and shall be
In this world and the next. You know I might
Just chance to met you, at some street-corner
Under the glaring lights, in Leicester Square,
Where you and I came out of the Empire. There
How well we know the stage-door, you and I,
And how you changed your houses; Howland Street
Where Paul Verlaine and Arthur Rimbaud lived
Some storm-tossed years of intense passion and pain
And love and hatred. There I hated you
And there I loved you. If Verlaine had met you
What songs he would have written! Not like mine,
That were my veritable blood, my naked self,
My body and my soul. All these I laid
One after another before you, and you trod
With delicate feet that never could have hurt me,
As birds might, on my body and on my soul,
And on my body's blood. God's cruel, Dear;
And have I not been crueller than God?

The Tooth

By CHARLES J. FINGER.

OUT here we have some good company. There are men from the neighboring university who come so on, but last Sunday the center of to visit, to talk, to look at the books and interest was the tooth that Sheehan, in a jocose spirit, had bedded on a piece of black velvet and set in the cigar ash tray. Even the Y. M. C. A. secretary deigned to examine it with a passing show of interest, saying, sorrowfully as he laid it in its place, "Everything was so large in those days"—the exact period to which he referred being no doubt the cosmical equivalent of the familiar historical epoch, "the olden time." Privately, we all consider him an ass and a bounder, but he has nothing to do with the story, and what he said relative to the size of the thing is mentioned to set you straight. It is not really so large. It is less than an inch wide. Its rarity is the interesting thing. The Y. M. C. A. man, like many more, gets a kind of false historical perspective and conjures up a distorted geological picture which really quite reverses the facts as to the relative size of animals in the past and the present.

This is how I came to have the tooth. When *Current Opinion* reprinted that tale of the "Lizard God," the editor put a little inset in the middle of the page and my address was given. Through that, Mr. Leaf found me.

A telegram heralded his coming, and lucky it was that it did, for I was all

prepared to take a trip to Little Rock. The message was enigmatic, and left grounds for speculation. It read:

"Am coming to ask question Monday on Brazil."—H. H. Leaf.

Living in the country, I did not get it until Monday, when the R. F. D. man brought it, though it should have reached me on Saturday had I had a 'phone. So it fell out that Leaf himself came hard on the heels of his wire. He impressed me at first as being surly and reticent, and I could not keep my eyes from that queer, ironic face of his.

He had a copy of the magazine, and, after a mere nod and laconic greeting, he thrust it at me open at the page on which the story ended. I offered him a seat and we regarded one another in silence for a space. Evidently we were summing one another up, a habit men get into who have lived long in the wilds.

"Any foundation?" he asked. "Or is it just mere lies and fantastic work?"

I assured him that there was foundation and a very strong one, for I was personally acquainted with Rounds, and that the only part which was fanciful, was the character of the museum curator, and even he was drawn from life, though the incident of the meeting did not occur exactly as pictured. "Otherwise," said I, "the tale is true as I heard it." I must have seemed impatiently affable and with cause, for I

had much to do, and besides, I had an article from the pen of Hervey in which he had mentioned Richard Jeffries, and I had promised myself to polish up on that neglected writer.

Mr. Leaf sat in silence, thinking, then suddenly rose from his chair and placed his left foot in the seat of it, stuck his right elbow on the desk and propped his chin on his fist. "I'm glad to know that much," he said. "It's as well to know. In a way you gave a wrong impression as to the size of the beast. I don't mean the thing that killed this fellow what's-his-name, but the stone thing. This." He returned to the erect position and turned over a page or two of the magazine, then thrust a gnarled forefinger at a passage on page 628, right-hand column near the top. I noticed that his nails were all horribly broken and his hands leather like. "Of course, if you think I'm lying—" he said, and stopped suddenly and began pulling at his mustache.

I told him that I knew well enough what it was to be disbelieved, so well indeed, that half of what I had seen and had experienced would never see the light of print. We grew a little discursive then on the subject of human credence. It is not necessary to repeat what we talked about, but I recall hinting at a few things, things that the untraveled call incongruities and impossibilities and so dismiss forthright. He nodded sympathetically, and, for a while we drifted conversationally and our talk was a macedoine of tautologies, hesitation and slang. You know how it is when men talk freely. We were reminiscent. The name of W. H. Hudson came up, and that of Cunninghame Gra-

hame, too, whom Leaf had once met in Peru. So we fell to talking of odd things, comparing notes and so on. He, I remember, mentioned the case of the sailor, a deck hand on a sailing ship rounding the Horn, whose broken leg had gangrened. The incident is well enough known to all who have hung around Chilean seaport towns. The ship's cook amputated the leg with a common meat saw and carving knife, and the man is alive and well to-day, a hard drinker who runs a *boliche* in Antofagasta. I countered with the story of the man through whose chest a marlin spike dropped from aloft had passed. He lived to a good old age. Such things we talked of, smoking furiously the while, so that when he fell to his tale of the Swamp country he spoke from behind a blue, whirling cloud.

"I could show you exactly where Rounds was," he said. "You don't happen to have a map around, do you? I could lay my finger on the place. It interested me. That old bitch too. There's lots of 'em. Old hags they are, like those vultures in a little town who know of all the scandals and the family skeletons and trade on the knowledge. Everyone gets scared of 'em.

"I'd been with the Soni tribe nigh on ten months myself, and heard about the Tlingas there. I quit the Sonis though because they got something into their heads, though what, you can't tell. Maybe they got suspicious somehow. I kind of think though, that they wanted to get my head for keeps. You know, as a trophy—dry it they would until it was shriveled, then deck it up with bright colored feathers. Another thing was that the wife I had, had twins, and that's a

disgrace. Anyway, there were whisperings. They'd chatter together and whisper, squatted on their hams and looking at me sideways and it got to be pretty rotten, especially at night. I'd feel their clawy hands about me and all that sort of thing. Sometimes I'd see a shadowy form prowling about, clumsily, see them moving between the tree trunks. They were playing at their invisible devil. So I left 'em and went South and a tough trip it was. Stagnant rivers there are, rotting in dank valleys, and plants and ferns, great things, gray like and ghostly. It got worse the further I went. And the vines—vines like cobwebs loosely hanging, and real spiders too—monstrous beasts.

. . . and that reminds me. When I first saw the white snake, a word or two came to me and kept ringing in my ears. Funny notion it was. Kept time as I walked. 'Hate maddened eye.' That was it. Hate maddened eye. I thought of it when I first saw the white snake. A fat, softish thing it was, slow moving and whitish gray and if there wasn't hate in its eye, I don't know what hate is. Seemed to be harmless though. It was a sickening business to get over the flat where they were thick. They were all about and no more moved out of the way than penguins move. And once, I stepped on one and it—ugh!

"When I hit the swamp country, I had to strike west. Man, down there the air was heavy and still—damp heavy, so beastly thick heavy you could hardly breathe. 'Twas like trying to breathe steam. You couldn't get air at all. Hot as the bars of hell too, and your sweat wouldn't evaporate. This stream I'd been following split into two,

one part going swampward and the other sank into a kind of gorge where the banks were precipices. The forest grew thicker and thicker and the trees were different to anything I'd ever seen. Queer shaped leaves they were, kidney shaped and silverish in color. Kind of stuff like oil there was a plenty, so some day there'll be a clearing up down there. There was an evil moon that night and everything was whitish. Rotten fix to be in and I began to think I'd never get out of the damned place, and that God Himself had forgotten me. You know how it is sometimes. Hell on earth." He moved his hand a little sweeping motion to illustrate.

"Silence and solitude there was. A beastly world. Things about me seemed filthy, vague, monstrous and—by God the silence pained. One thing I saw that gave me a scare. I almost stepped on it. It was more like a great toad than anything, and not that either. An oily looking thing. There it was in the middle of a little pool and I thought it was a rock and started to take it in my stride to get across. Like a flash I recognized it as a living creature just as I was about to step on it, so that I changed my step and my foot went in just beside it. Gosh, man, it didn't move and I almost fell on it. I even touched it as I stumbled and it was soft, and gave, like wet leather. I saw it plain, for a shaft of moon struck it and it was the height of my knee out of the pool. Big eyes like a cow. But the stench of it. Almost I vomited as I ran, though I couldn't help looking behind me now and then for I feared the thing might leap on my back and I fancied it hanging to me—a clammy lump. You know I

couldn't go fast at all on account of the matted tangle about. When I stopped from sheer exhaustion my heart thumped so that I feared unseen things might hear the beat of it. It was so still there."

Mr. Leaf hesitated a little and his expression was perplexed and as if he were on his guard. Again there was that half-nervous pulling at his mustache.

"And the eels—white eels," he went on after a little while. "It struck me chill to see them. Great eels and other nameless things, deformed and pale that stared in silence. Everything stared. Nothing made a sound. No breeze of course and where there was water, it was black and staring. At one place there were great ribs drowned in mud, great flattish ribs that had never seen sunlight, and in and about them were those eels. It was a little beyond that that I saw the lizards I'm telling you of . . ."

It was at that point of the tale that W. H. Gibson came in, and of course the tale ceased. I knew it would if for no other reason than that Leaf was so suspicious. He had no means of knowing Gibson and as I knew him, of trusting him as a true scientist and a man not given to foolish condemnation. Gibson, I think, is the very re-incarnation of Henry David Thoreau. Exact, patient, methodical, I would trust him implicitly. If he told me to close my eyes and cross a crowded street because it was safe in his estimation, I'd take him at his word.

But Leaf rose to leave and it was apparent that he was moody. For all that, his eyes were fixed on Gibson and, I fancied, burnt a scorching fire of ques-

tions. It came to me that Leaf was more than half inclined to set Gibson down as a straight man and when W. H. set on the desk a couple of little specimen bottles, Leaf looked relieved. The bottles were empty, but each had a little disk of paper at the bottom and below that, a sprinkling of brownish powder.

"They are for Hubert," Gibson said. "He's promised to collect some beetles for me. And here's the book his brother Charles wanted. I can't stay long." He placed the book, a large leather bound volume on the desk.

"Don't rush off Leaf," I said, noticing that he was fidgeting. "I think you'll understand Gibson all right. He knows things, and—"

"If I'm interrupting—" Gibson began, making as if to go.

Then I played my card, for I wanted Gibson to hear. "Not at all," I said. "Mr. Leaf is a South American traveler and we were talking of things." It was my desperate effort to get them *en rapport*.

Leaf stood irresolutely, fluttering the pages of the big book idly.

"That's for the lad who collects things," Gibson explained, nodding at the book.

Leaf did not seem to hear. He was standing with the book open, tracing a diagram. Then his finger went across the page to the legend opposite. "Figure five," he muttered, reading. Then slowly, "One-twelfth the natural size." Gibson looked across interested. "That'd make it about six inches. And three toes. Some with four."

"Fossils," interpolated Gibson, "Found in the Connecticut limestone."

There fell a silence broken only by the

buzzing of a clumsy fly and a faint rustling as a breeze stirred. Leaf passed his tongue over his lips then his hand went up to his mustache.

"That's the kind of tracks I saw before I came on the other beast," said Leaf with decision. "The same. No doubt of it. I'd know them as I know a horse's tracks from a dog's. They were in the same place—many of them. Many other tracks too. A great hollow place it was—a kind of basin. The worst was a foot mark, different to this about a yard square. I saw the beast. Sixty feet long it was with a body like a rhinoceros only far bigger, and a long neck and little head. Only one I saw that had ridges along its back. But the other, the thing that makes these tracks, there were dozens of them and all sizes. I saw one that was twenty feet or so. It had a tail that dragged, like a kangaroo, but its head was like that stone thing in your story. Two little forelegs it had. Once or twice they came at me. Came at me with neck stretched out and mouth open. Scared? Well . . . But each time the thing stopped soon. Took no more notice. But the stink of it."

Leaf seemed to be forcing himself to go on. His voice was very low. He made a motion to continue, but stopped abruptly.

"How long were you there?" asked Gibson.

"I kept my watch wound," answered Leaf, automatically taking out his Ingersoll and winding it. "A little over 36 hours. I coasted along the edge of the place you know."

"And you had little light, I under-

stand!" Gibson was questioning with eager interest.

"At night there was a full moon. I saw it between rifts of clouds. In the day time I saw no sun. You know it was more like steam laden air down there. In day time there was nothing but a thick haze. You see, it was like a basin in the hills. I told you that, and when I came to the edge of it, and after I had climbed out, and looked back into that hole, it was all like looking into the crater of a volcano. The steam hid it. Misty, all misty. It was like looking down on thick clouds from a mountain top."

Leaf half shivered as he spoke, then with an abrupt transition to something like cheerfulness he said, "It was a comfortable old world I thought, when I got back to the things I knew. Trees and all that, and it seemed impossible that I was chased by one of those long-necked things a few hours before. Yet, it was queer, when I found that they did not touch me, I was only doubtful, as a child might be that had fear of a cow, if you get me. And look here."

He put his hand in his pants pocket and brought forth a strangely shaped bone, not a fossil, which he laid on the desk. It was about an inch across and shaped roughly like an arrow head, but without the barbs. Gibson took it, examining it curiously. Then he turned to the big book and found one of the plates, rejected it and found another. By the side of the picture he placed the bone and the three of us looked at it with vast interest. It was easy to see that they matched perfectly.

"I got that after I left the place," Leaf said, and passed his hand over his

forehead wearily. You know, the first thing that interested me was a humming bird. It was good to see. It was good to hear. It was good to be in a world of noise and of light again, I can tell you. There was a kind of low confusion of hills and I hadn't wandered an hour, when I came across a skeleton of one of those things—the long necked ones that chased me."

"A Dinosaur, perhaps," interpreted Gibson. Leaf nodded.

"Lord knows how it got there. It was a skeleton you know, not a fossil, and the Indians had tales of when it was alive. Not that they saw it, of course, but their fathers, perhaps. They were full of tales about big beasts that came up now and again. Chance I guess, as a flying fish falls on the deck of a ship, or as once I saw a sea gull in the public square in Cleveland, Ohio. For the matter of that, it was no more strange than that I should have chanced down there when you come to think of it, or as the body of a man may find its way to the deeps of the sea. Anyway, there's the tooth and the people are full of tradition. Scare gods, you know.

"I was picked up by a fellow, half Indian, half negro—a fellow full of a wheezy kind of jocosity. He led me to

the village, a village of yellow mud with eyeless windows and gaping doors. And that's about all."

* * *

The tale came to an end as abruptly as that and it is idle to relate the rest of our conversation. It was scattering. Gibson made a half attempt to persuade Leaf to go to the University with him, but gave it up seeing how unwelcome the suggestion was. Leaf stayed that night with me and, after the children had gone to bed, we sat up long talking about women and adventure. He left early the following morning and walked to town, a dusty, sturdy, lonely looking figure.

The following Sunday, Buckhardt, the psychologist pooh-poohed the whole thing and talked of sub-consciousness and submerged memories and the Y. M. C. A. secretary feebly sided with him. But Gibson, turning his back on the latter flashed the tooth at Buckhardt, saying "But he didn't dream that."

Certainly, the presence of that is the main thing. I have it before me as I write, and it is in an ordinary wine glass placed where Sheehan gently dropped it. As its base sits in the little hollow at the bottom, its upper edge touches almost exactly the rim.



Optimism is the shield of wittlings: pessimism the sword of the wise.

The Fisherman

By EMMY VERONICA SANDERS.

I met an uncouth Fisherman.

Streamwards in the pale dawn he strode,
Plowing the silence that hung soft
And heavy on the winding road.

He muttered strangely as he went,
A giant basket on his back.
No other fisherman that came
To follow in his lonely track.

Pausing he dug from magic soil
There in the chill gray morning mist
A shimmering bait of little words
Of opal, silver, amethyst.

His brooding eyes were deep and cold.
The hand that clutched the rod seemed strong.
Rigid he stood, with grim set mouth,
Like a stone statue all day long.

Watching the bait bob up and down
The turbid waves of his desire.
Slowly the silent hours sailed by
On wings of shadow and of fire.

His brow, like a great jutting rock,
Cast a far blackness on the stream
As from its shifting bottomsands
He lured the image of a dream.

He hauled it with the slender rod
Up to the surface cautiously.
It lay there spread before his feet
Like a caught salmon by a tree.

And then he smiled a slow faint smile,
So stiff and still—a smile of stone.
And vanished in the falling dusk
With deepset brooding eyes—alone.

Sabotaging American Literature

By LLEWELLYN JONES.

THE domination of New England and New York over American culture which the *Double Dealer* means to challenge is not only a domination of a sectional character, but one which attempts to dictate the center of American culture and even what that culture itself shall be. And the men behind this attempt are determined that rigid Puritanism, thrown out of religion—for religion is tending to become romantic—shall find a new abode in American letters. The idea is ingenious, for when it comes to reside in letters Puritanism can fortify its position by the appeal to the classics. It can deride romanticism as something psychologically invalid and point to Rousseau as an awful example—which is what Professor Irving Babbitt does. It can point with alarm to social unrest and tell us that only in authority can we find salvation—which is what Paul Elmer More does. It can criticise contemporary authors by the standard of a mid-Victorian old maid—which is the job of Professor Stuart Pratt Sherman. And through the mouths of lesser disciples of these men it can discredit all cultural performances which do not conform to the standard, or suppress the news of their existence—as may be well seen in the last two volumes of the “Cambridge History of American Literature,” which is edited solely by these gentlemen—it is edited by fair Ph. D.’s, and in all its four volumes only one

article is contributed by a creative writer—one on aboriginal literature by Mary Austin.

All this is done, of course, in the name of humanism, and we may begin by showing that this so-called humanism is a purely American product. For the one other great democracy in which humanism has been an ideal is England. And typical of the humanist ideal in England is the work of Gilbert Murray and his associates who have made all their Greek lore accessible to the man in the street, who has responded in a measure far beyond anything that we can imagine American popular audiences doing. Typical, too, is the spectacle of Robert Bridges, poet laureate and aristocrat in all that pertains to art and life, addressing a British “workers’ educational alliance” on “The Necessity of Poetry”—and being listened to by his audience. Then such English humanists as John W. Mackail have always recognized the autonomy of aesthetics. When Mackail criticizes poetry—as he has done from the chair of poetry in Oxford, a chair held for five years at a time, and now occupied by Professor Ker—he criticises it as an art, not as a mere criticism of life or ethical discipline.

How different it is in America. Our self-styled humanists are either dry-as-dust or they gain what liveliness their pages have by vindictiveness which even runs to misrepresentation. As the art

impulse springs from the emotional and is apt to be associated with a certain gusto for life that scoffs at academicism they are implacably against it in any form except the neo-classical—where it is strictly subordinated to ethical imperatives.

Just what absurdities this lands them into and what injustices to contemporary as well as older writers spring from the attitude I shall now proceed to show by actual example.

Probably the one doctrine of art which has commanded the general assent of European and English aestheticians is that of the Italian philosopher, Benedetto Croce. Art, he tells us is lyrical intuition or expression. It springs from a human faculty which is sub-logical in the sense that it gives logic its raw materials. For that reason the man who applies logical categories to art, who tries to work things out in cold blood will only produce an imitation art. And because any work of art is the expression of an original intuition every work is unique, has its own perfection, and cannot be compared with other works. For classifications are logical and come after the event. After Shakespeare has written twenty plays we can say that ten of them are tragedies and ten comedies; but that is a rough method of pigeon-holing, simply for convenience. It does not mean that Shakespeare had to obey certain laws every time he wrote a tragedy, on penalty of having his play called a bastard. And Shakespeare himself has poked fun at the classifiers of drama into "genres."

Now it is obvious that the doctrine of Croce is one of liberation. It tells the artist to go ahead, to record his intuitions, and not to be troubled by the

critics who judge him by ethical or other external standards. On the other hand, says Croce, the real critic is he who, in taste, reconceives what was uttered by genius. He interprets through sympathy. The reader who appreciates a poem is not only, then, a critic, but reader and critic, insofar as they enter into the artist's intuition and make it their own, are, for that moment, at one with the artist.

The reader who is unacquainted with Croce at first hand may find his aesthetics brilliantly explained in Joel Elias Spingarn's "Creative Criticism," (whose work, by the way, is pointedly ignored in the Cambridge History of American literature.) Of that book Professor Mackail, mentioned above, said:

"I have seldom had the pleasure of reading so much important truth brought together into so compact a form as in this essay." . . .

Our American critic, Professor Babbitt, however, had a slightly different reaction:

"Affirmations repugnant to the most elementary commonsense. Emancipation of the imagination from any allegiance to standards. Not much is left of the values of civilized life when he has finished enumerating the things that must be thrown overboard."—*New York Nation*.

Surely the language of a man who is slightly rattled. Our American way with Croce, however, is simple. We label him a "decadent."

Of course, in common parlance, the word decadent has sinister connotations. Usually it means immoral; when applied to art it means the art of Oscar Wilde—in the popular imagination, that

is. It certainly means something unhealthy. How, then, can it be applied to Croce, whose philosophy is idealistic, intellectual, open, and optimistic?

The particular trick which makes it possible was turned by a humbler follower of the Babbitt-Sherman-More school, one Professor Gass of Nebraska. In an article which appeared some years ago in the *Mid-West Quarterly*, Professor Gass laid down the astounding series of propositions that beauty was an adjunct of physical things only; that words were meant to express ideas; that as the substitution of what was only a means, for what was an end was decadent (as it would be decadent to make taste an end in itself instead of an adjunct to nourishment in food) so a poet who used words to express beauty instead of deas was decadent. And then, of all possible examples, he chose Wordsworth. Wordsworth had written:

" . . . I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze."

And he comments that to make such imagery a thing of importance for its own sake is to be guilty of decadence—and that Wordsworth is so guilty.

Well, if Wordsworth is a decadent, Croce can well afford to be one too. But one sees the unjust prejudice that is raised.

In the case of Stuart Pratt Sherman this practice of raising prejudice comes perilously near plain misrepresentation. Here is a case in point. In George Moore's "Brook Kerith" the artist uses for his artistic purposes the well-known legend that Jesus did not die on the

cross, but was taken down while still alive and nursed back to health. Mr. Moore's artistic problem is to show the after-life of Jesus and the effect upon him of the failure of his mission. Of course, the experience on the cross involved a tremendous shock, and the getting over the shock and picking up the particular thread of life which he is to follow thenceforth is something quite difficult to delineate. Mr. Moore wishes to get Jesus back to the hills as a shepherd where he will have ample time and quiet to rethink his problem. The manner in which he contrives the turning point is very adroit. One day we see Jesus just beginning to do what is colloquially known as "sitting up and taking notice." And Joseph of Arimathea who is caring for Jesus is told to encourage him to think of mundane things, so:

" . . . seeing that Jesus had called the puppies to him and was making himself their playmate, he asked him if he were fond of dogs; whereupon Jesus began to praise the bitch, saying she was of better breeding than her puppies, and that when she came on heat again she should be sent to a pure Thracian like herself. Joseph asked, not because he was interested in dog-breeding, but to make talk, if the puppies were mongrels. . . ."

Here, obviously, is the turning point in Jesus' interests that will now go back to his earlier work of shepherding—the dog being the shepherd's most important aid.

But in his critique of George Moore, Professor Sherman actually has the impudence to quote that passage, and to explain it as Mr. Moore's despairing effort to get at least some sex interest into his story! And yet Professor Sherman

manages to live by and teach in a university which has a large agricultural experimental station with breeding going on all the time!

Many other examples could be quoted of misrepresentation of art and artists by these men, but the concluding volumes of the Cambridge History of American literature afford the more serious, as that work is addressed to posterity as well as to the present generation. The editors of these volumes could in accordance with tradition have ended them at some such period as 1880, but they have chosen to bring them down to date. That being so it is incumbent upon them to mention all the notable writers who are wielding influence upon present-day literature. That they attempt to bring their history right down to 1920 is shown by the fact that they comment upon "The Education of Henry Adams."

Considering the fact that the contemporary situation is touched on at all points, we should expect to see some mention of the work in criticism of H. L. Mencken—whom, although he is an American citizen born, Professor Sherman referred to during the war period as "Herr Mencken." But in this book he is not even mentioned as Herr Mencken. He is omitted altogether. And although the fields of economics and philosophy are covered up to date there is not a word in this history about the unique work in economics and sociology of Professor Thorstein Veblen—for he,

too, is among the liberators, and hence anathema. And in the consideration of the new poetry movement the reader is referred for specimens of the work of the moderns—Amy Lowell, Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, etc.,—solely to Mr. Braithwaite's annual anthologies, which are not at all, as a matter of fact, representative, while never a word is devoted to *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* which actually discovered many of the men whom Braithwaite subsequently scissored for his annual collections.

It is a fact that men of the stamp we have mentioned are trying to make art and literature in America a close corporation in which only "the good" may have a share. When we consider that their published writings represent also the repressive influence which they have been enabled to wield over their university classes we may imagine the harm they have done to students with imagination to be stifled and emotions to be diverted into sterile channels. The pity is not only that in many cases they will succeed but that in other cases revolt against them is unintelligent and wastes itself by becoming revolt against all scholarly and academic standards. Between this professorial camp and the camp of *The Little Review* and other extreme magazines the youthful poet and artist in America seems to be pulled in two directions—in one to become a fossil; in the other a freak. Perhaps the *Double Dealer* will be a half-way house.

Dining Alone

By MITCHELL DAWSON.

He dined at the long table of the past;
The ancient napery was drab and frayed;
An orchestra of feeble echoes played
And in the corner stood a plaster cast
Of his young love with cracked and peeling face.
He nibbled at old smiles and passionate words,
But souring time had turned them into curds,
So that he chewed old insults in their place.

When death, the waiter, brought a finger bowl,
He rose as from a nauseating fast
And took from the deep pocket of his soul
A woman's kiss to give death for a tip,
Who held the door for him thru which to slip
Bowed out into oblivion at last.

Black Tambourine

By HART CRANE.

The interests of a black man in a cellar
Mark an old judgment on the world.
Gnats toss in the shadow of a bottle,
And a roach spans a crevice in the floor.

Aesop, driven to pondering, found
Heaven with the tortoise and the hare:
Fox brush and sow ear top his grave,
And mingle incantations on the air.

The black man, forlorn, in the cellar,
Wanders in some mid-kingdom, dark, that lies
Between his tambourine, stuck on the wall,
And, in Africa, a carcass quick with flies.

A Story of the Ghetto

By LEOPOLDT KOMPERT.

(Translated by Lafcadio Hearn)

IT was night; silence reigned throughout the city;—suddenly the *Schulklopper* fancied he heard the wooden mallet, with which morning and evening he convoked the faithful to the Synagogue, oscillate gently as if rising and falling to itself. “That mallet will not let me slumber,” he said to his daughter, who also heard the faint and ghostly sounds. “Some one in the street is dying,” she answered, shuddering; and almost immediately after cried out in a fit of sudden terror, “*Schmah, Isroel*; (Harken, O Israel!) it must be the Rabbi.”

Almost at the same instant the movements of the mallet ceased; but without some one knocked violently upon his window, and a voice was heard crying aloud: “Rise and knock at the doors and call the people to the synagogue; the *Thillim* (psalms) must be said; for the Rabbi is dying.” Then in the middle of the silent night were heard at every door the three well-known strokes of the mallet. With a shudder which seemed to sink to the very bottom of her soul, the daughter of the *Schulklopper* heard her father’s footsteps passing from house to house. And when the last blow upon the last door of the street had ceased to re-echo, she said to herself: “Even now the Rabbi must be in his death agony.” And she could not help shedding bitter tears.

But the recitation of the *Thillim* re-

tained the soul of the Rabbi at the moment it was about to take flight, although the shadows of death had not yet vanished from his chamber. As morning approached he became worse, and then the *Bochrim* (disciples) lamented with a greater lamentation. Wax and wick were procured; the stature of the sick man was measured, and upon this measurement a gigantic waxen taper was made. The taper was wrapped in a shroud and borne to the cemetery, where it was buried beside the dead. But in spite of all it would soon be necessary to remember the same length of the Rabbi’s body for the measurement of a coffin. “O God, Almighty God!” cried the *Bochrim*,—“what can we do that the life of our Rabbi may be preserved?”

“Come!” cried a disciple, “let us collect the years for him!—perchance God will hearken to us.” A *Bocher* (disciple) went forthwith from house to house with a paper in his hand, upon which each one wrote down the number of years, weeks, or days of his own life which he was willing to sacrifice for the dying Rabbi. The daughter of the *Schulklopper* was standing without her door just at the moment that the *Bocher* passed with his paper. “And thou!” he said, speaking to her,—“wilt thou give nothing for the Rabbi?” “My life!—my whole life will I give for him!” she sobbed out. “Must I write that

down?" "Write! write!" Therefore, the *Bocher* wrote down: "The life of Hannele."

From the same hour the Rabbi was healed, and the next day a young body was laid in the cemetery. It was the daughter of the *Schulklopper*.

As easily as the young girl had devoted herself to death, even so easily did the Rabbi efface her name from the book of the living. During the first days of his convalescence the Rabbi was joyful and merry of heart;—he regained his health with astonishing rapidity. Afterward he became pale and sad. None knew the cause. None knew that when the Rabbi sat up far into the night studying the pages of the *Gemara*, lying open before him, he heard a low sweet song in the court below; or that each time that the Rabbi opened his window to look, he beheld before him a beautiful young girl, whose smile, made icy by death, he perceived even through the veil of darkness. "Now," thought the Rabbi, "she might have been free and joyful in her maidenhood, singing like a bird in the air";—and through the long silent night he watered the thick pages of the *Gemara* with his tears. Once, near midnight, strange cries of anguish resounded about the house,—sounds strange as those extorted by pain. And then he heard the cry of an infant newly born. "Alas!" sobbed the Rabbi;—"It is I who have robbed her of that joy." Thereafter each night he heard those infant cries mingled with the celestial music of a mother's cradle-song. And then there fell a long silence.

Once again a light and joyful song was heard, and the Rabbi muttered to himself: "Now it is her first male child

who is making his *barmitzveh* (religious initiation), and it is I who have deprived her of that joy!" Silence fell once more.

Three years after the Rabbi again heard the happy songs, and said to himself in the darkness: "Now she is leading her daughter under the *houpe* (nuptial dias). Woe! woe upon me, that I should have deprived her of this joy."

And when the voice was heard again it was no longer a sound of lamentation or of weeping; but a gentle and delicious voice; and the Rabbi would say to himself "she would have been a happy mother; and it is I who have destroyed her happiness!" And in this wise did the Rabbi live through all the life of the young girl. He would have given worlds to have heard but once in place of these beautiful melodies some sound of bitter complaint; for thus he might have been assured that she would have known misery upon earth. But this wish was never heard; and the Rabbi forever moistened the pages of the *Gemara* with his tears. "What!" he sobbed,—“Would she indeed have been so happy as this!” Then did he long to die, to pine away;—for the voice of the ghostly singer made his life weary to him. Yet he could not die.

So he became old and decrepit; all the members of the congregation went down to the grave before him; there was not even one child out of all whom he had *gebeuscht* (blessed) that he had not seen creep about him as sad old men, vainly seeking to ward off death with their crutches;—for they all passed away. But he!—he could not die. "When shall my hour come, young girl?" he often asked;—"how long dost thou desire to live?" And then at last, one

night near midnight, he heard in the court below a sound like the voice of one dying. "Now she is dead," muttered the Rabbi;—"be God's name hal-

lowed forever!" Early in the morning of the next day the *Bochrim* found him dead, with his head resting upon the *Gemara*.

In Black and White

By WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY.

TEMPERAMENTAL.

She was so lonely! John himself agreed
 This night-work meant her soul he was
 neglecting.
 The children slept, she could not work nor
 read,
 So rang the phone, almost before reflecting.
 Eight was the number, but they gave her
 seven,
 And she had said she'd be alone a spell
 Before she realized 'twas Jack, not Stephen.
 But what of that? Jack did almost as well.

ONE WAY TO BE POPULAR.

Yet none could say she was no virgin when
 She simpered down the aisle her white dress
 stained.
 They only wondered how clean-minded men
 Through her had lost so much, yet nothing
 gained.

A PRAYER ANSWERED.

A TRUE SPORT.

She knew he had no heart, nor soul, nor mind,
 But married him for other powers. Well,
 The three he lacked she furnished—bargains
 bind!
 And held him faithfully above her hell.

She prayed to God for strength to say him
 nay,
 And rose up strong and purified.
 Yet when his mouth was clinging the old way,
 Weeping, she naught denied.

But since the night she spied the self-same
 kisses
 Fall elsewhere with the self-same lies,
 Although she prays no more, yet she scarce
 misses
 What firmly she denies.

Antwerp

By ARTHUR SYMONS.

AS Ernest Dowson's verse, like himself, has the pathos of things too young and too frail ever to grow old, as his verse haunts one like a perfume, like an air of Rameau played on a clavichord, as he and his rarest verses will be remembered by those who care passionately for poetry, I begin these notes by giving here for the first time one of his letters he sent me when I was living in Fountain Court:

Bridge Dock,
Thursday, Nov. 15, 1894.

My Dear Symons:

I can't for the life of me think of what to send Harris. Do you think an article on "Politics and the Pulpit" with a certain amount of reprobation of Messrs. Clifford, Parker et cie would be of use?

Did I meet you the other night in the Temple in a state of the most extreme intoxication (*my* state, I mean) or did I dream it? I am just going off to interview Elkin Matthews. I am hovering between "Blind Alleys" and "Sentimental Dilemmas" as a title for my stories.

Let me wind up with an epigram (in the antique sense of the word)

Pygmalion á Rebours.

Because I am idolatrous and have besought

With grievous supplication and consuming prayer,

The admirable image that my dreams have wrought

Out of her swan's neck and her dark abundant hair:

The jealous Gods that brook no worship save their own

Have made mine idol marble and her heart—a stone.

Ever yours,

Ernest Dowson.

Par example, I have not forgotten that I owe you 5/6. When I next see you I hope to be in a condition to repay you. At present I am existing by the practice of uncomfortable economies.

It was in April, 1895, that three of us crossed the Channel by sea from Newhaven on the "Colchester;" besides myself, there were Dowson, and Smithers, our cynical publisher with his diabolical monocle.

I paced the deck the greater part of that night; sleep had forsaken me; but, as I leaned over and watched the white foam that swirled behind the steamer, adoring and enduring the wind and moonlight on the sea, the reasons that had driven me from London returned to me in all their intensity; all this reacted on my nerves: and with all my nerves I wrote a sonnet that begins:

"The white foam rushes back into the night

Of waters; far behind, I see the lights
Of ships that sail from England; and
the sky

Blots out the world beyond. Would
 God that I
 Could so blot out the past I hurry from
 Into oblivion and a little foam!"

We entered the harbour, found rooms in a hotel, where we dined, and then went to the invariable Casino—can one conceive how many Casinos one has entered?—which was a closed place, stifling with heat and smoke and the noise of many voices. It had none of the irrelevant fascination of the Casino at Ostend! where, during the nights I spent there—beside the gambling that went on—there were crowds of curious and ambiguous and fantastic people come from the world's end: and for no more reason, I imagined, than to find such adventures I myself always loved—and to make love. It was there that I saw the Comtesse de Paris smoking cigarettes. Strange was her beauty, with those astonished eyes of hers that gazed on you with wonder, with that small forehead, with those masses of blood-red hair, tressed in an original fashion. She had a slightly curved nose, a small red mouth and a tiny chin; and, in her air, something disdainful.

At any rate my first night's experience in the Casino at Antwerp was a kind of hell; something unnatural and odious and hideous and revolting. Never have I heard—not so much in the Casino as in the streets—such a din of voices and such jargons of dialects. We, like the rest, had to smoke and drink beer. As for the women who came up to our table and sat beside us, all I can say is that they gave me a sense of horrible aversion.

As for Flora of the Eden—the Casino

was named Eden—she was amazing: for she caught hold of me with the ferocity of a wild beast, a beast insatiable; a form of what Huysmans called "the immortal Hysteria, the monstrous, indifferent, irresponsible, insensible Beast, poisoning all that go near to her, all that look on her, all that she touches." Certainly, everyone knows what it is to feel inordinately sleepy—incredibly in need of sleep—either after a sleepless night or in places, like the cafés in Berlin, where one is literally suffocated by the volumes of smoke that issue from German pipes. That is an experience I have never forgotten; nor can I forget that sense of suffocation I endured in the Antwerp Casino; when, as I nodded, the floor seemed to heave up under me. Finally we escaped, and as we went back to the hotel we saw our shadows shake under the gas-lamps, in a kind of fiendish mockery. "*Mais, rein n'est absolu sur ce globe terraqueé.*"

I was then very much mixed up with my two strange companions and, as a matter of fact, Smithers' sudden appearance on the scene—the scene being my rooms in Fountain Court one winter night—always seems to me curiously like that of the advent of Poulet-Malassis in Paris in 1856; he began by printing in 1857 the rare edition I have before me of *Odes Funambulesque* of Théodore de Banville, and in the same year *Les Fleurs du Mal* of Baudelaire. As Baudelaire certainly instilled into him a certain amount of taste as to printing and binding and spacing the margins of the paper and adding the delicious novelty of a mixture of red and black ink on many of the title-pages; so, I did much the same thing

with my very tractable publisher. As I look on my first edition of *Les Fleurs du Mal* and on my first edition of my *London Nights*, the proof positive is that no publisher can reproduce the marvellous effect of these two columns of verse.

It still amuses me to recall our wanderings over Antwerp. There were, of course, the night-café's which were different from those in Paris and in Spain; they were sordid retreats in sordid streets of the worst classes I have ever seen. Baudelaire was right in expressing his hatred of the Belgians and of their generally hideous appearance. The hilarity, such as it was, was much grosser than in the worst kind of *brasseries* in Paris: the *brasseries* I have passed this June, with the same aversion I always had for them. Verlaine, naturally, who haunted every café in the Latin Quarter, haunted these; with their zinc tables and their horrible drinks. The nights we spent in these cafés in Antwerp are neither historical nor traditional; they gave us a certain cynical and sardonic interest in finding ourselves in a country we had never visited. Dowson took a rather tragic and a rather melancholy view of the women who thronged these tables. In one word: we were out of our element.

A sinister adventure happened to Dowson one night in his bedroom next to mine; when he came in into mine, looking more pallid than usual, and asked me to help him out of a certain situation in his room. This I unwillingly did; I suppose I did him a certain service; but the situation itself was one of the most comical I have ever seen; like some situation in Crebillon fils: yes, the one I open, *La Nuit et la*

moment, where Clitendre says to Cidalise: "*Comme vous, Madame; qu'elles aller aient cette sensibilité modérée que l'amant lui même est obligé de chercher, que n'est émue que par sa présence, déterminée que par ses caresses, et que tout autre que lu voudroit vraiment évielles.*"

From Antwerp we went to Brussels; but this I described in "Bertha at the Fair" in *The Savoy*. We went from there to Bruges; one of the three loveliest Dead Cities I have come on in my wanderings: the others are Arles and Toledo. Bruges, like Arles, hints of every gentle, refined, reflective way of fading out of life, of effacing oneself in a world to which one no longer attaches any value; always remembering itself, always looking into a mournfully veiled mirror which reflects something at least of what it was, on each side of its quiet canal; sleepy as with the sleepy sense of an unquiet slumber; in the air itself something of decay; a smell of dead leaves everywhere, the moisture of stone.

* * * * *

Dowson's poetry is classical rather than romantic; seeming almost to dispense with imagination as it dispenses with all that exteriorizes vision in imagination, it is really suffused by imagination as by a gentle and constant light. Emotion, caught up into poetry before it has had time to grow too egoistically energetic, speaks as directly as if rhythm itself has the same quality of subtle naturalness, avoiding at its best, that too martial beat which verse-writers as a rule find it so difficult to avoid, or are irresistibly tempted to seek. Dowson was an exquisite artist in

cadences, whether in long floating lines
like

"I go where the wind blows, Chloe,
and am not sorry at all;"
or in short, sighing lines like

"Yes, to be dead,

Dead, here with thee to-day—
When all is said,

"Twere good by thee to lay
My weary head."

His poetry, more than that of any
other writer of the day, is "over-heard,"
when it is heard at all; it has the es-
sence of poetry, if scarcely more than
that essence; and there will always be
a few genuine *amateurs* to treasure it,
as the genuine *amateur* treasures the
rare, easily lost, little perfect things of
the world.



Origins

By WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

*Beginning with Lilith and Eve, there have
been two classes of women—those who have
taken the strength out of men, and those who
have put it back.—PROVERB.*

Into a dark world of strange talk
Came a soft voice,
As that of a bird
Lulling forest and fen.
And then,
Stirred
By a word
That bade him rejoice
And rise and walk,
Adam awoke,
Spoke,
Listened awhile
For an answering call,
As a great silence fell over all.
Brooding and serious,
Something mysterious
On him was casting the shadow of pain
When, with a vain,
Curious smile,
(A sigh of the eye),
As a siren went by,
The first of men shuddered,
Turned over and over
In thistle and clover,
And slept again:

And dreamt of Lilith!

Darker and stranger grew the world;
Fig leaves were shed,
And serpents curled.
And overnight
Was born delight,
And overday
Was born desire,
To curb dismay
Lest Adam tire.
The skies were red;
And all the glory
Of time in story
Suddenly flashed,
And thunder crashed;
And under the vine and fig-tree there,
Gowned and crowned with her radiant hair,
And frail as fire and free as the air,
And fair as her daughters have sought to be
fair,
A woman stood
In virginhood.
Over the grass
It came to pass
That her eyes spoke...
So sweet was she
To hear and see,
So virginwise,
That from his eyes
And body then
The scales had all but fallen when
Adam awoke.

Eden and Eve!

The Roof Garden

By HANIEL LONG.

FARQUHAR lived at home with his mother and two young sisters. It was his pitiful jest, thus maintaining the family hearth, that he would never need to marry, that he had already the pleasures of marriage with none of the inconveniences. Nevertheless, he was conscious of a girl who lived across the street, and he thought about this girl a great deal.

Though metropolitan born, Farquhar had never had a drink. So, the day before the prohibition law went into effect, his friends urged him not to let slip this final opportunity of sharing what had been the secret of so many civilizations. It occurred to Farquhar, who was circumspect, that there was no risk about it, for in case he enjoyed the experience the new law would remove any temptation to repeat it.

The evening was not old when Farquhar became uncertain in his gestures. His friends took him out of the club into the cool night, and walked him up and down. He felt to the full the wonder of personal insecurity, and observed with surprise a vertigo extend itself to buildings and to stars. His companions fed their gold watches to mutely protesting cab horses, or rushed into the traffic to dust their cigars on passing motor cars. These exercises seemed to him too simple. He looked down at his shirt front, he removed his opera hat and inspected it, and he wondered who dared clothe a son of rapture in such garments. Un-

speakable dissatisfactions trampled one another in the forest of his mind.

The party broke up, and at an indefinite hour Farquhar found himself sitting in a doorway, and he seemed to himself horribly sober—more sober than he had ever been before. He looked at the opposite corner, and began to think how many times he had gone round that corner. He had always known where he was going, too, when he went round that corner. He reflected sadly that he always knew where he was going; he always would know. That was the trouble with him, and there was no savor in life, except for the girl across the street.

He made up his mind to go round that corner and not know where he was going, for the thought of the girl had wakened something adventurous in him. He proceeded with care; but an unsteadiness of direction led him to collide with a tall man who was sulking against a building.

"Stop sulking," said Farquhar.

The man explained that he had a grievance. He had come sixty miles to reach the city before the bars closed, but he had arrived too late, and now he was never to have another drink.

"Help me round that corner," said Farquhar, selfishly.

The man seized him by the arm, and they circled the corner at top speed. Farquhar was amazed to see in front of him a most gorgeous something that was evi-

dently a roof-garden. Under the gay awnings acres and acres of flowers were blossoming, and trees went up like canelabra, and the sound of music floated from the far interior. The tall man cursed softly under his breath, and dropping Farquhar's arm, made but two steps of the distance between him and the fascinating spot. Farquhar followed more slowly.

The establishment seemed to go on endlessly beneath the heavens. There were many customers in sight, and one felt certain that many many others were concealed by the mounds of shrubbery. There were masses of fern, ambuscaded orchestras, statues, fountains; and to the right of the entrance rose a bar of platinum, stretching out until lost in the distance. The tall man was already leaning against this bar, and seemed to be in excited conversation with the bartender. As Farquhar drew near, it was evident that a misunderstanding had occurred.

"I never heard of it," said the bartender.

"Great Scott! Never heard of a Martini!"

"And besides, at this bar you don't order what you want; we give you what you look as though you needed. You simply step to the railing, and we do the rest."

The tall man was speechless. Farquhar himself though it a strange idea, but the bartender was the last person in the world he expected to see in such a place. Not that there are no handsome bartenders, or active bartenders, or insolent bartenders; but who has ever seen a sweet strange bartender, with something pantherish and velvety about

him? He was a mere lad, and as he discoursed he kept six or seven large bottles revolving in the air. He seemed the spirit of the remarkable garden over which he presided. This lad, thought Farquhar, is accustomed to other liquors than those in transit accross a city bar, and to brighter eyes than those of the regular customers.

"What do I look as though I needed?" inquired the tall man.

"You need a sense of humor."

"Go to the devil," said the tall man, turning away.

"Wait," requested the bartender; and set about concocting a drink. "There's a man in town would give a million dollars for a little of this," he volunteered, opening a bottle with an antique label.

"How much is it going to cost me?" demanded the tall man.

"To you, dear friend, there is no charge."

Convinced he was being mocked, the tall man again and in a louder voice bade the bartender go to the devil, and with various imprecations turned on his heel and departed.

The boy, with no sign of disappointment, now gave his attention to Farquhar. "How did you get in?" he asked.

Farquhar recounted the events of the evening so far as he remembered them.

"Very odd, very odd," commented the boy, rubbing his youthful chin. "There are only two ways of finding this bar, generally speaking; one is to be in love and one is to get drunk."

"It can't be so very exclusive then. Everyone must find it sooner or later."

"Yes, everyone finds it once. The difficulty is, the second time a man falls in love or gets drunk he doesn't find it,

and then he keeps on trying, like a fool." The bartender gazed at the doorway through which the tall man had disappeared. "You're lucky, though; you can't get drunk again. But tell me, you are in love, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not."

"Isn't there someone?"

"Well, there's a girl across the street."

"I thought there was a girl across the street."

Farquhar changed the subject. "If this is a roof-garden, what does it roof?"

"It roofs the earth, I suppose."

"What?"

"Yes, it's everywhere, when you're in the mood to see it. But what will you have?"

"Give me what I need."

The bartender did a buck and wing thoughtfully, and clapped his hands. "I'll give you the limit," he exclaimed.

As he made the remark the sky behind him was brushed with fire, and the sun rose; and he seized the sun and squeezed a few ruddy drops into the glass. The sun vanished, and a moon hung in its place. The bartender grasped the moon as though it were a lemon, cut it in two, and allowed the golden juice to drip from it. The moon vanished too, and mountains reared up. The bartender put a spigot deftly into them, and drew off a finger and a half of rich liquid. The mountains faded, and in their place prairies stretched to the horizon. The bartender took the cork out of the prairies, and poured their wine into the receptacle. The prairies gave way to the sea. The bartender scooped the foam off a flying wave. Then he folded up the sea and put it back in its place, wiping the platinum bar as he

did so. The glass seethed with what it held. The boy added something which resembled plain earth from a cinnamon shaker, cracked a star or two into the astounding mixture, shook it, hurled it through a strainer, snapped his fingers, and poured out the achieved potation into an extremely large cocktail glass.

Farquhar looked a last time at the world, and set the glass to his lips. The next moment he noticed with surprise that he still lived. But how changed he felt! He had sunfire within him, and moon madness, and the timeless peace of prairie and mountain, and the impudent, unendurable pushing of the sea.

"How is it the garden remains open?" he asked. "Isn't it very late?"

The boy smiled and winked an inscrutable eye, giving him to understand he could get a drink whenever he desired.

Farquhar began to examine the vast cafe. A royal palm lifted itself heavenward beside his table. A veritable giant with his colossal drink inside him. The youth plucked up the palm by the roots, remarked the curving crest of foliage, ran his fingers down the smooth white stem to the root maze. He replanted the palm in the earth, and picked a white flower at his feet. It was a common flower, yes, it was the daisy, but he ventured to admire it. Then a lizard attracted his eye, a charming grotesque in Nature's best manner. He lifted his eyes and beheld afar off a white city fairer than any he had imagined; and just then a newsboy rushed into the garden crying:

"Prohibition repealed!"

Nobody paid the slightest attention to him; but Farquhar was alarmed.

The bartender shrugged his shoulders. "Other bars don't interfere with our business," he said. "We don't compete."

"It isn't true anyway," said the newsboy, gleefully. He took off his clothes, and Farquhar recognized him as the lad who had posed for the various Cupids in his home town. He even had snowy plumes of the conventional sort on his shoulders.

"You bet we don't compete," he agreed; and moving off among those who sat in arbors and under leaves, he began to sing of inebriation, with the full-throated treble of a choir-boy who knows nothing of what he sings but its melody.

"Who owns this garden?" inquired Farquhar, suddenly.

"You'll see her soon."

And Farquhar did. More poems and chorales had been written, more temples

dedicated, to this lady than to anyone else in the history of the world. It was an incongruous tribute to her; but it was none the less sincere. Besides, she had been the subject of innumerable sculptures and paintings, even in the new manner in which she appeared conical or geometrical—none of which latter Farquhar could begin to comprehend, but many of which he had examined carefully, with often a warm desire in his heart to drink of the spring which had so affected others.

At last she saw him, and smiled, and extended her arm towards him, as though to say: "Come, and walk with me in my garden; come, and love me."

Farquhar leapt off his bench with surprise.

"What's the matter?" inquired the bartender.

"Why, she's the girl across the street!" he explained, and moved eagerly toward her.



Miniature

By STEPHEN HUGUENOT.

Controlling himself with an effort, he bent toward her.

"For the last time," he said, "will you marry me?"

"Not for the first time," was the scornful reply.

He raised his hand, as if he would protest her decision. Then, meeting her eyes, he bowed.

"It is the end," he said, simply.

Without further speech, Rogers took his hat, his gloves, his cane, his departure, and, finally, his life.

The Jug of Dreams

By PAUL ELDRIDGE.

We carry our dreams in jugs upon our heads and balance them, as do the oriental peasant-women. But sooner or later, the jostling, pushing crowd, we call Life, throws the jugs off, and our dreams spill, and feet trample upon them as upon so much bothersome mud. Now, most of us are soon glad the burden is over, and we can also jostle and push with ease. But here and there some poor fool bends to gather his dreams. Is there any wonder he is stepped upon and kicked by the feet of the world? And there are a few, whose jugs though broken, still balance their heads and their bodies, and insist they have their dreams. They are the insane—the happy ones. Is there any wonder they are locked away, and hidden from the sight of the others? Only the gods of the world have a right to their dreams.



Withdrawal

By MARX G. SABEL.

I covenant to keep the appointed way,
Appraising neither happiness nor dole
Until the consummation. Myrtle spray
And nettle, fecund plant and barren bole
I covenant to garner: this also,
The final hour of life, the attaining point
When death shall bend my tired body low,
And with dear dust my nodded head anoint.

These things I covenant, and covenanting
I disengage my mind from further thought;
All my inexorable pain supplanting
With mute indifference. I am untaught,
And elemental. Inaccessible
To life or death, or even Heaven or Hell!

The Success Trust

By JEANETTE MARKS.

HERE is a nose-mob in this country far removed from both the job and the mob of the politician. I refer to our art-loving (!) public, its left hand on a fat pocket purse, its right hand ready for an obsequious pull of the forelock to anything English or European. It takes a new country to improve upon an old adage. In the United States it is the American artist who is without honor.

Intelligent responsibility for the arts is not the purchasable thing easy-going Americans think it to be. It is something more than a wealthy flunky in things intellectual seated complacently in the bald-headed row while a cynical European, on the platform, paid so much per night by the Dash Lyceum Agency, tickles the vanities of the bald-headed row both by his presence and the *finesse* of his adroit flattery of the powers of the wallet. Yes, intelligent responsibility in the arts is something more than hand-clapping the English or European *Success Trust* at \$1,000 a night or \$600 a night or \$400 a night! It involves something with a thicker covering of cerebral cortex than that which surrounds the fat wallet.

Our magazines, if they intend either to start or to continue—they can seldom do both in this country except upon a concrete bedding of dollars!—announce in eloquent paragraphs that a representative is “already on the way to Europe and England to find the best in fiction,

poetry and the essay!” Or they announce from time to time that the celebrated English author, Mr. G. Raise Dickens will contribute a serial to *The American Art Valet* which has for its subject a delightful exposition of the crudities of American speech and manner. These pioneers in starting a new magazine do not say, “We are sending our representative to California, to Utah, to Wisconsin, to all the states of these United States, to get into touch with the art groups and to bring back the best in American fiction, verse and essay.” Why should they? The American art-loving public would not get a single thrill out of such a naive and loyal performance! Occasionally—oh! very occasionally—an editor will write somewhat in this vein: “Your poems have come. The chances are, they only tug at the heart of the shepherd, for this is no more than a glad mediocrity, enlivened by what we dare. . . . The Editor is hardly of a mold to shape things for smugness and . . . which almost led to much futile discussion . . . Commercial life is like that. So often the heart grabs at what the head denies, knowing its audience.” This sort of Editor never long survives the American art-loving public.

The bills of our Little Theatres announce plays chiefly by Europeans. Cornered, these Little Theatre managers will say that the “form” of the American play is inferior to the Euro-

pean. It takes a generous Englishman, Harold Brighthouse, writing in the *Manchester Guardian*, to give the poor American devil his due: "The typical one-act play of the American Little Theatre is a very vigorous growth indeed, and . . . its massed results are impressive." The brilliant technique of the American short story might seem to assure an even superior technique for our play! . . . But our very prizes, as *vide* the Pulitzer prizes, are a doubtful encouragement to the "best." They are given not for the "best" (that would involve too much work of excavation among artists without "push" or "pull") but the "best produced" or the "best published." Again, even if in another direction, pulling the forelock not to merit but to success.

One of our timid American colleges, about to start on an aggressively prosperous career in the arts and letters of overpaid stone buildings and underpaid teachers and lazy students, decides it will imitate the Oxford buildings. It does so. No expense will be spared even if the Professor must receive less than the janitor. In an architectural instance of this kind, the art-loving American public knows what it should do and does it handsomely. The imitation is perfect if palpable. But was there an American who years and years ago thundered from Concord that "imitation is suicide?" However, the college proceeds with an education as assiduously valeting English and European training as its buildings imitate its outer surfaces in cold stone. And the result is cringing, vulgar imitation.

Being parrots in stone is bad enough. But did not Emerson—it was so long

ago, forgive me for asking—write an Essay on *The American Scholar* in which he tells us something of what it means to become "the parrot of other men's thinking?" What, then, about being the parrots of other men's art? Which has in it more danger to society, a delegated thought or a delegated emotion? Is there any treachery worse than borrowed feeling? Yes, so many parrots of English and European art are there seated in that bald-headed row, both sexes, plump, obsequious, swaying their cockatoo heads in approval of the latest lion caught by the Dash Lyceum Agency in the gilded cage of American dollars. Very flattering! We are the richest nation on the earth! We can *buy* anything! . . .

While this intellectual valeting of England and Europe goes on, our own artists starve. They live in garrets, (not of the comfortable variety), they go hungry, they have neither shoes for their feet nor adequate covering for their bodies. If they are very very sensible, they become floor walkers in shops or book agents or elevator boys or hotel waiters or what not. The trouble is most of them have no sense at all except the noblest which, starving or not, devotes itself to beauty. While M. Beaucoup of France or M. G. Raize Dickens of England is pacing his lion pace up and down our gilded Lyceum platform at one thousand to six hundred dollars per night per lecture, lucky is that hungry and ill-paid 125 per cent American artist to receive \$25 or \$50 for stumbling hungrily about some dark little parlor talking to a group of forty or fifty people on *The Merits of Masefield* or *The Tragedy of Rupert Brooke*

No American subjects desired! Or they merely lie—those 125 per cent. American artists of ours—seemingly so many dead bodies in a dead heap, occasionally one emerging to crawl exhausted and crippled to the top like a living fly struggling out from a cluster of dead flies.

Or by a ten stroke of fortune or some power for hard thinking and courage, not entirely crushed out by starving, an artist will go to England, live "on the clay" with a few sticks of furniture and a few loaves of bread for himself and his children, get the *cachet* of English approval, (than which nothing except a title is dearer to the flunky American public) and come back to find the doors of *The Old Maid's Monthly* and *The Gaol Review*, hitherto firmly closed in his face, wide open and fairly fanning to and fro under the stress of their agitated welcome, with solicitous voices calling "More, Mr. Poet, more!" Cynically he then can re-submit what has already been rejected in these offices with the comfortable pocket-security for himself and his children of knowing they will now be accepted. Of all higher joy in the recognition of his art he has been robbed by flunky audiences and flunky editors.

But all our artists are not clever enough or strong enough to win such diplomatic triumphs in the arts. Lamentably wanting in common sense, some of them become ugly and unmanageable, break their hearts, or grouse in garrets or starve (literally) or kill themselves. Of course it was all so beautiful about that English youth Chatterton who so many years ago "perished in his pride." These Amer-

ican artists are not beautiful—that is, usually they are not, for the bony structure of their faces is too rugged—and they perish in the slums of New York or Boston or Chicago or San Francisco or some such vulgar place. Quite stupid and blundering of them to die in that way! The unmanageableness of the artistic temperament is proverbial. No, the American public throws its doors wide open only to the British and European *Success Trust* and to those Americans, "L't'd," upon whom has been set the seal of British and European approval.

Responsibility for the arts means something besides gaping at what has already "arrived," something besides hand-clapping what we purchase at such a magnificent price, something besides the role of the parrot and repeating over and over, "Polly wants a lion, European please! Polly wants a lion, European please!" It means something which takes a deal more thought than any of these things: It means the search for and discovery of what has *not* "arrived"; it means forwarding and protecting that which it finds; it means establishing an audience for it.

The writer does not need to be told that art knows no country, has no national boundaries, that wherever beauty is it belongs to all the world. Nevertheless art, like charity, begins at home. But for this sort of responsibility it would seem the American public is not ready. It will educate fools and wise men at college, it will give to unconsidered charities, it will establish a new religious cult (no matter what the expense is) without batting an eye. But it will buy and sell in things of beauty

nothing but what is stamped "England" or "Europe." What has happened? Time was when England's failure to recognize her best but added warmth to our love. Have we no love for our own unappreciated "best"?

The writer has no axe to grind, no grudge. Of the few books he has published, five have been published in England, and one is now in process of publication. The only prize he has taken was won in competition with British contestants and he won a "first." His first literary work was done in answer to English request. The writer has spent half a life time in the reverent and enthusiastic study of English poetry. His ancestors were English yeomen who came to this country at the close of the seventeenth century. He counts among his most-loved friends several English people; part of his education was in England, part in Europe. Some of the happiest days he has ever spent or ever will spend, were passed in Great Britain.

It is assuredly not the fault of the English or the European that the condition of the arts should be for American artists what it is in this country. It is only natural that English and European artists should flock to this land of milk and honey. It is true that the American lecture system kills some,—perhaps one "lion" out of every ten. But then no jungle is without its dangers even for a lion, and there is always the possibility of a well-filled pocket rather than a well-filled grave! The responsibility—if they will neglect their own "children" and adopt what to them seem the handsomer "children" of

England and Europe—rests squarely on American shoulders and on a cockoo public laying its eggs in nests not its own.

Clement Shorter, editor of the *London Sphere* said in the office of *Poetry* (Chicago) to Harriet Monroe, "I am telling these Chicago business men that the centre of the English-speaking poetry world is now in this city." It is a matter of indifference to the writer whether that "centre" be in New York or Chicago or Boston or San Francisco. From my point of view it is not in England but is somewhere in our own country. However, admit for the moment that both Mr. Shorter and the writer are wrong. Let us say that our young artists are inferior to the English artists. Does that in the least alter our responsibility for loyally supporting in material and immaterial ways these artists who belong to us?

What is it that constrains us to forego our freedom in matters of art? What is this attitude of the flunky mind anyhow? It is not youth, for youth has courage and independence. Why is it that we must let our own artists starve while we make fat the pockets of some pleasant-mannered but not over-gifted English youth or add to the success of some middle-aged European who needs no additions? What is to be the spiritual destiny in the arts of a country capable of such treachery at home? Is there anything of greatness in this cruel neglect of our own and this "foolish face of praise" for the stranger? Where is all remembrance of the manliness, of the courage of the non-conformity we once practiced in American life?

With All Their Vessels

By JOHN McCLURE.

"With rhythms timorous or strong
And all their vessels rhyme-enwrought,
What poets ever shaped in song
Even the shadow of their thought?"

"Some have but gestured, out of breath,
Toward the apocalypse they see;
Some have gone gibbering to death;
And some have shaped it cloudily."

Lupo De Braila's New York Letter

ABOUT this time of the year all sensitive people begin to question the value of the big city.

All faults increase, and all virtues are out somewhere in the country or near the seashore. To tell the truth, this city looks guilty to me right now.

The streets of New York make me feel as if I were living inside of a drawer of a card index file. Signs and names, signs and names from the beginning to the end of every street and avenue. If you investigate these very important signs and face the bearers of the names engraved on these signs, you realize more than ever the similarity of the index cards to these institutions.

Huge buildings, enormous signs, immense undertakings singing out loudly: We are not built and we do not live for the one fine thing in life, love. And you wander on these pavements and you

look at the sign-carrying walls and you know that the fine human beings are hiding somewhere, but not behind these pretentious walls on Broadway, Fifth Avenue or Wall street.

Sometimes you find them in the much-maligned Greenwich Village. One afternoon I attended a concert given by some modern artists in one of the quaint streets of the village. It was a treat for the gods. Maestra Stella, the soloist, was ably assisted by Man Ray. Alfred Kreymborg, who is growing a long beard at present, was the conductor of the improvised orchestra. Margaret Anderson, as the first violinist, made a great hit. Djuna Barnes bravely played the *piccola*, Lola Ridge was vigorously behind the bagpipes, and William Carlos Williams played with gusto the kettledrums, while "Mr." Thayer daintily picked the strings of a ukelele between sneezes. There were others,

but my memory is weak. Below you may see Signor Stella singing *con amore* at the end of the festival. Oh yes—I must not forget Mr. Paul Rosenfeld, the author of the musical composition (somewhat after the Gregorian manner), who eyed the performers suspiciously. It was a joyous afternoon. All for the love of music.

* * *

Amy Lowell delivered a lecture at Cooper Institute, and I went down there to see the poet I once called the “poster” of American poetry. She read a few beautiful poems, but the lecture (she read from manuscript) was something I cannot forgive anyone, stepping before an audience on a platform. The continuous references to universities and university professors, obviously to impress the audience with her importance, made many old attendants of this institution leave before the end. Why does she do it? She is a considerable personality, has some fine achievements to her credit in poetry, and has received a lot

of publicity. Why drag in university names?

* * *

I saw “Inheritors” at the Provincetown Theatre, once a barn in a poor neighborhood in the village, now under the management of George Cram Cook and Susan Glaspell, the author of the play. A revolutionary play with the preaching left out, and therefore one of the few good radical plays. J. C. Cook carried the great philanthropic mood like his uniform, in a leisurely fashion. Here is a man whose shoes receive kind treatment. The heroine was a winner; she won a Broadway contract for next season. I wish there were more Provincetown theatres in the land.

* * *

It may interest your readers to know that I have been commissioned to design a memorial statue of Kenelm Digby, recently murdered by Christopher Morley. The Column Conductors’ Sick and Death Benefit Society is providing the funds for this memorial.

* * *

Episode

By STEPHEN HUGUENOT.

Lithe and lovely, the trio of maidens trod the pavements. A lively breeze blew in from the lake, and whipped their skirts to ecstasy, revealing poems in Coles Phillips’ hosiery. The central blonde allured.

“*Mon Dieu!*” cried my friend, seizing my arm. “I wish I were an Ancient Mariner!” He was a poet.

They overheard, but did not understand. I smiled, knowing that intentions are recognized where Coleridge is not.

And so I wiped my spectacles with a one-hundred-dollar bill.

Reviews

THE POETRY OF EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

WITHOUT doubt America has found in the work of Edna St. Vincent Millay poetry of an extremely uncommon and exquisite kind. And in the pages and pages of verse circulated by the press how rare it is to come upon writing of which as much can be said. There is correct verse, original verse, free verse, but how little real poetry. And even when it appears it is more than likely that we miss it. Most of us have read so many laudatory reviews of the second-rate that we have come to take such writing very lightly. We have been disappointed so often that we tend to become incredulous, suspicious, blasé. Then one day by some accident our attention is really caught and the golden volume in our hands, we recognize at once, as by a swift revelation, that the pages before us are indeed illumined by the mysterious magical moonlight of true poetry. Now what is it that separates the poems of this young American girl in so unmistakable a way from other verse writers? Is it that they have about them that stamp of real authenticity which comes when the emotions described have actually been felt, when the ideas put down have actually been thought? I think so. For as in all true poetry there is about them an absolute spontaneity.

"I will be the gladdest thing
Under the sun,
I will touch a hundred flowers
And not pick one.

"I will look at cliffs and clouds
With quiet eyes,
Watch the wind bow down the grass,
And the grass rise.

"And when the lights begin to show
Up from the town,
I will mark which must be mine,
And then start down!"

Simple enough they seem these three verses, and yet, when once read, they have a way of haunting the mind as only real poetry is able to do. Or does the peculiar appeal of these poems depend also upon the fact that more than any, they express the emotions, the visions, the tremulous thrill, of a young girl? Is it perhaps just this that helps to give them so indefinable an attraction?

"I will be the gladdest thing"

How provocative, how feminine that is, how essentially girlish!

Indeed for this very reason some of these slight songs in "Renascence" have a charm and beauty about them that seems to hit one to the heart even more, perhaps, than her later more powerful work:

"Death, I say, my heart is bowed
Unto thine—O mother!
This red gown will make a shroud
Good as any other!"

"I cannot but remember
When the year grows old—

October—November—

How she disliked the cold!"

Again, how simple and yet again how extraordinarily poetic. What associations, strange tragic Aubrey Beardsley-like and conjured up by the first; and in the second how that reiteration "October, November," troubles the imagination with its implication of the very soul and romance of those particular months. The fact is these snatches of song have about them the suggestive grace of world-old human associations. They are like wisps of newly-born mid-summer hay, like thistle-down in the month of August, like red leaves in autumn, like handfuls of driven snow at the time of the feast of St. Stephen! Though her sonnets which have appeared from time to time in literary publications have won more public recognition it may very possibly be that her best work is to be found in these smaller, slighter poems. Of course, the difficulty of attaining to any degree of real excellence in the sonnet form is very great indeed. Anyone who attempts to write sonnets must be prepared perforce to enter the lists wherein only the mightiest have won fame. Yet even so the piercing rapier of this young girl is not to be despised though 'tis raised in a field where only veterans in armour hold their swords to the sky. What could be more restrained and yet more tragic and heart breaking than the one entitled "Bluebeard:"

"This door you might not open, and
you did;

So enter now, and see for what slight
thing

You are betrayed—Here is no treasure
hid,

No cauldron, no clear crystal mirror-
ing

The sought-for truth, no heads of women
slain

For greed like yours, no writhings of
distress,

But only what you see—Look yet
again—

An empty room, cobwebbed and com-
fortless.

Yet this alone out of my life I kept

Unto myself, lest any know me quite;
And you did so profane me when you
crept

Unto the threshold of this room to-
night

That I must never more behold your
face.

This now is yours. I seek another
place."

And then how exquisitely lovely are
these opening lines:

"Thou art not lovelier than lilacs,—no,
Nor honeysuckle; thou art not more fair
Than small white single poppies,—I can
bear

Thy beauty;"

Surely in such simplicity, in such innocent beauty may be found the very living breath of true poetry with the very intonation, fragrant as a bunch of spring flowers, of girlhood itself, of Ruth amid her corn fields, of Nausicaa amid her river reeds.

Yet mark how, with equal naturalness, she can be modern also. Listen to what a sigh is here. And yet there is not a single one of these fourteen lines

which is not instinct with that old sadness incident to the tragic passing away of all things mortal:

"What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,
I have forgotten, and what arms have lain
Under my head till morning; but the rain
Is full of ghosts to-night, that tap and sigh
Upon the glass and listen for reply,
And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain
For unremembered lads that not again
Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.

"Thus in the winter stands the lonely tree,
Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one,
Yet knows its boughs more silent than before:
I cannot say what loves have come and gone,
I only know that summer sang in me
A little while, that in me sings no more."

That this gifted young woman is capable also of thoughts as penetrating and poignant as any of the great disillusioned poets can be proved by a glance at some of her later work:

"To what purpose, April, do you return again?
Beauty is not enough.
You can no longer quiet me with the redness
Of little leaves opening stickily.

I know what I know.
The sun is hot on my neck as I observe
The spikes of the crocus,
The smell of the earth is good.
It is apparent that there is no death.
But what does that signify?
Not only under ground are the brains of men
Eaten by maggots,
Life in itself
Is nothing,—
An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs.
It is not enough that yearly down this hill
April
Comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers."

How well that might have been written by any of the greatest disenchanted Frenchmen. What bitterness is there, and yet what beauty! There is another weird and lovely poem of hers that was published a month or so ago. It is called "Wild Swans," the last lines of it end like this:

"Wild swans, come over the town, come over
The town again, trailing your legs and crying!"

Could anything be more suggestive, more absolutely thrilling in its clear imaginative quality than those lines? There are indeed few living poets to-day, either in England or in America, who could have written them. Search the anthologies from cover to cover and you will not find their match. You would have to open a volume of W. B. Yeats or Walter De la Mare.

How far Miss Millay will go it is impossible, of course, to say, but that she

has already produced work of very high value can be made clear to anyone who will take the trouble to read what she has already published. They will not regret the venture. Her poetry has the loveliness, the wistfulness of the songs of Ophelia heard in some place where plovers call to each other over wide stretches of ploughlands.

Perhaps, it is in that strange half-playful poem called "The Singing Woman From the Woods' Edge," that she would seem to confess to a consciousness of the presence of this mysterious ambiguity in her work—an ambiguity which troubles the imagination long after her slim volume has been closed: "What should I be but a prophet and a liar

Whose mother was a leprechaun, whose father was a friar?
Teethed on a crucifix and cradled under water,
What should I be but the fiend's god-daughter?
.....
After all's said and after all's done,
What should I be but a harlot and a nun?"

LLEWELYN POWYS



DARKWATER

BY W. E. B. DU BOIS
(Harcourt, Brace and Howe)

THE author of "Darkwater," Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, was born with "a flood of negro blood, a strain of French, a bit of Dutch, but, thank God! no Anglo-Saxon." He was grad-

uated from Harvard with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, spent two years at the Universities of Paris and Berlin and for several years taught sociology at Atlanta University. For more than ten years he has been Director of Publications and Research of the National Association for the Advancement of the Colored People and editor of *The Crisis*.

Dr. Du Bois has supplemented an excellent education by wide traveling and his pages give evidence to his extraordinary sensitiveness to beauty and to the whole range of human emotions. He is a thorough student of the race problem and is an outstanding figure in a certain school of thought in the relations of the races; a school whose ideas are clothed with plausibility by his ability to write masterfully in clear and simple English. He represents and typifies the radical in the negro race problem as Booker T. Washington represented and typified the conservative, and the gulf widens yearly between their conflicting and sharply opposed ideas.

Since the death of Washington some years ago Dr. Du Bois has gained an ascendancy over negro thought in this country that was denied him while their greatest leader was alive. His ideas are therefore of vital interest to the Southern people and it will be pertinent to examine into them here and note the trend of opinion among negro intellectuals.

"Darkwater" is a bitter book—bitter with the bitterness of gall and wormwood. Its pages flare with pent-up fury and boil over with repressed frenzy. "I remember once, in Nash-

ville, brushing by accident against a white woman on the street. Politely and eagerly I raised my hat to apologize. That was thirty-five years ago. From that day to this I have never knowingly raised my hat to a Southern white woman." And again, "Of them (the white people) I am singularly clairvoyant. I see in and through them—I see these souls undressed and from the back and the side. I see the working of their entrails. I know their thoughts and they know that I know. This knowledge makes them now embarrassed, now furious! They deny my right to live and be and call me misbirth! My word is to them mere bitterness and my soul, pessimism. And yet as they preach and strut and shout and threaten, crouching as they clutch at rags of facts and fancies to hide their nakedness, they go twisting, flying by my tired eyes and I see them ever stripped—ugly, human." These sentences give the key to the character of the man whose influence is strong among thousands of his people and who appears to them in the guise of a leader to lead them out of the land of bondage.

Dr. DuBois has, however, in other places and at other times written of the hated whites in a far different manner. He was then more of a scientist engaged in the stating of complex problem and less of a propagandist engaged in exciting hatred and rancor. Thus we find him writing in 1901 (*The Relations of the Negroes to the Whites in the South*, *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, (pp. 137-138)) that the negro in large part has himself to blame for the crea-

tion of the color line—himself and other persons who are constantly bringing the question forward.

"It is usually true that the very representatives of the two races who for mutual benefit . . . ought to be in complete understanding and sympathy are so far strangers that one side thinks all whites are narrow and prejudiced and the other thinks all educated negroes dangerous and insolent. Moreover, in a land where the tyranny of public opinion and the intolerance of criticism is for obvious historical reasons so strong as in the South, such a situation is extremely difficult to correct. The white man as well as the negro is bound and tied by the color line, and many a scheme of friendliness and philanthropy . . . between the two has dropped still-born because some busybody has forced the color question to the front. . . ."

That Dr. Du Bois sees things with the crystal clear vision of the artist is evidenced by remarks that he made before the Negro Academy in session at Atlanta (W. E. B. Du Bois, "The Conservation of the Races," *American Negro Academy, Occasional Papers*, No. 2, p. 14) :

"The Negro Academy ought to sound a note of warning that would echo in every black cabin in the land. Unless we conquer our present vices, they will conquer us. We are diseased, we are developing criminal tendencies, and an alarmingly large percentage of our men and women are sexually impure."

The author of "Darkwater" has not always thought that the Southern

people are a race of slave drivers. He says that the Southern people are "essentially honest-hearted and generous" and that "this situation (the race problem) does not fail to interest and perplex the best conscience of the South. Deeply religious and intensely democratic as are the mass of the whites, they feel acutely the false position in which the negro problems place them" (*Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, Vol. 18, p. 139).

"Darkwater" is an attempt to convey the impression that all the negroes of the South lie under a monstrous shadow and are deeply depressed by a burning sense of inferiority that the white people will never for a moment permit them to forget. This is essentially false. The negro of the masses, certainly the agricultural negro of the South, is little concerned with the ever-present agitation carried on ostensibly in his behalf by mulattoes and white politicians. These negroes are busy emphasizing negro traits, and the ever-growing nucleus of negro land owners testifies to their thrift and industry, and are building for negroes a high place in the esteem of the whites.

The Southern negro has no occasion to cry out against lack of opportunity to labor because he is black. Such discrimination exists only in the North. He has little time to dissect the white man while acting as "bus boy" at the "broad and blatant hotel at Lake Minnetonka." He is engaged in producing the clothing of the world, in preserving his own racial characteristics, and carving out for himself a worthy place in the empire of the South, of

which he is so great a part and to which he has made such mighty contribution. If his criminals meet swift death in Mississippi for the crime of rape, he is burned at the stake in Pennsylvania for the same crime, and is swung aloft to dance upon the air in Kansas. The rank and file of the negroes of the South know nothing of the nuances that Dr. Du Bois weaves in their name—nuances that are alien to them and unfelt by them, and it is a commonplace that the people of the North are much more distressed at the condition of the negro than he is himself.

It is the personal tragedy of Dr. Du Bois—and this tragedy is spread upon the pages of "Darkwater"—that he finds little comfort in the thoughts of his own race, and is alien to the whites. He feels a great and depressing loneliness and weariness as he contemplates his people from the heights on which he stands, but he has little of the patience that serves to bring a lowly people up to the mountain tops. His values are not those of his people, his aspirations are not theirs, and his voice is scarcely audible above the voices of the cotton fields which sing the paean of the negro's joy in life.

The people of the South do not ask sympathy of the North. They feel that the negro problem is their problem and with the intelligent co-operation of the negro leaders of the South, and with understanding and tolerance on both sides, the problem can be adjusted. On all sides there are signs of co-operation between blacks and whites and a strong feeling of condemnation of any movement that will tend to make this rela-

tionship bitter and unpleasant. This desire is apparently no part of the personality of Dr. Du Bois.

The work that is being done by the educated and understanding white men of the South toward the adjusting of the negro problem, is seriously hampered by Northerners who are familiar only with the school of thought that Du Bois represents, and who know nothing of the saving sanity of Booker T. Washington. They inject a bitterness and a venom into the problem that is not shared by either the blacks or whites of the South. They render an injury to those whom they would befriend. They practice little of the tolerance and understanding which they preach to the Southern people. They contemplate Mississippi from the viewpoint of Back Bay and the corn-field negro of Alabama from the view-

point of the Harvard Yard. Their gratuitous contribution to the literature and discussion of the problem is an evil from which every intelligent Southern negro prays that he be delivered. They are part of that "vast number of Northern people who misinterpret the motives of the Southerners and watch every move with a critical and suspicious eye, ready at any moment to shout across Mason and Dixon's line that the negroes must have their rights under the Constitution of the United States," while entirely unmindful of the fact that "ever since the civil war the Southern people have been blindly groping after some system other than slavery whereby two races of widely different interests and attainments can live together in peace and harmony under a republican form of government." (Cutler, *Lynch Law*, 1905, p. 224-225.)



Summer

By SYLVIA ELDRIDGE.

Two pale daffodils
Canopied by a tawny mushroom.
Like languid lovers
Beneath a tawdry parasol.

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